

The Evening World.

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THE END OF VILLA.

EVIDENCE indicating that Villa died a week ago amounts to strong probability if not proof. By this time the whole truth about his wound and the details of his flight, death and burial may be established. It should make a dramatic story.

How long, we wonder, has the Carranza Government been convinced that Villa is dead? How far may recent requests for the withdrawal of United States troops along with a general tone and attitude toward this country calculated to impress the Mexican public, be accounted for by a secret conviction on the part of Carranza and his officials that they could presently produce the dead body of the bandit?

Even though the shot that caused Villa's death was fired at the battle of Guerrero by Carranzistas, there can be small doubt that the lively work of the American punitive force was what roused Carranza's troops to a real energy of pursuit. If we had waited for Carranza to capture the revolutionist brigand the latter might now be alive and entrenched more securely than ever in his mountain hiding places. In no small measure Mexico owes the final elimination of the most dangerous enemy of her peace as well as the swift scattering of his followers to the prompt action of this Government following the raid at Columbus.

If Carranza is a true patriot he owes this nation a debt of gratitude which no touchiness regarding the presence of American troops on Mexican soil need deter him from acknowledging. With Villa out of the way the de facto Mexican Government is a long way further toward gathering to itself a united Mexico. From now on much more will be expected of it.

It is now Carranza's business to round up Villa's lieutenants and complete the dispersal of his forces. As for the punitive expedition, it has nothing more to do in Mexico. Its withdrawal should be prompt. Equally it should be attended with the fair treatment and courtesy to which it is entitled from Carranza, Carranza's army and every Mexican under Carranza's Government.

THE CONSTANT QUANTITY.

THE country is asked to believe that Col. Roosevelt regards the White House only as an eminence from which he may stretch forth his august hand and calm the raging powers overseas. The Colonel's ambition is now to be the world's greatest peacemaker.

The Roosevelt ambition has been under scrutiny some years. It is no new thing. The country has had ample opportunity to watch, weigh and appraise it. Whether it rushes the Colonel up San Juan Hill or plunges him into peaceful practicalities with an E. H. Harriman in the past and a George W. Perkins in the present; whether it snoves him to "take" Panama or to lay siege to the affections of Wall Street; whether identifying itself with his country's honor or with an evasion of its laws, as when he authorized the Steel Trust to take over the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, Mr. Roosevelt's ambition, the country has come to see, has but one constant ingredient or instinct—the prompt elevation of himself into whatever niche circumstance at the moment makes most prominent. Whether for peace or war, the Roosevelt ambition contemplates the nation as a background for the Man.

It may be, as his friends assert, the Colonel has drawn plans for the biggest pedestal yet—for Roosevelt. But the people of this country still choose what risks they will take. They have not yet consented to build that pedestal or be the shaft of it.

AUTOS IN MEXICO.

EVERYBODY will be glad to note Gen. Pershing's praise of the army automobiles in Mexico. The General waxes enthusiastic over the work they have done in climbing mountains, ploughing through deserts and traversing rocky canyons "where a goat might hesitate."

It has been mainly thanks to the motor trucks that the head of the column could count on supplies without having to lose the advantage of its quick marches deeper and deeper into Mexican territory. The autos have forded streams, done messenger service, and furnished mobile fighting groups in time of need. And, reports the General, "they have covered trails where nothing except a horse or man ever before travelled, at the rate of a hundred miles a day, with surprisingly few accidents."

Evidently these American made motor vehicles have met severe tests and stood them with extraordinary success. It should be a source of pride to the country's "young giant" industry and also a rebuke to those who are always ready to maintain that Uncle Sam's tools are never first class.

We wonder if the steers on Willie Hearst's Mexican ranch are still bellowing for intervention!

Facts Not Worth Knowing.

By Arthur Baer.

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HERE is a law forbidding dealers to sell ice by the barrel.

Very few piano drummers carry sampras.

At one time gasoline ran wild on the streets of New York.

By multiplying something by nothing you can make one of these things.

The trousseau of a Zulu bride couldn't block traffic through an ordinary secdle.

The population of our feeble sanitariums is composed largely of folks who changed 'em in weather like this.

There is no set rule for corns. Some folks have more and some less.

It is computed that if all the soap in the world was set end to end there could be enough to cover 345,622,911 vests.

Men Who Fail

By J. H. Cassel



"I'm going to make a killing and quit work"

The Office Force

By Bide Dudley

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EVERYBODY seems to be talking baseball these days," said Popple, the shipping clerk, as he dropped his newspaper. "Yes, indeed," replied Miss Prim, private secretary to the boss. "By the way, I see that Chris Talker has signed the Cleveland club up." Bobbie, the office boy, looked at her as though puzzled. "How's that?" "I was merely discussing Chris Talker, who signed up the Cleveland for \$30,000," she replied snippishly. "Why don't you pay a little more attention to the great American game and you wouldn't ask foolish questions about it." "Yesterday his name was Tris Speaker. Now he's Chris Talker. I guess I'll have to pay a little more attention to the great American game."

"Oh, now!" came from Spooner, the bookkeeper. "Miss Prim made a slight mistake and..." "I did not make a mistake," snapped Miss Prim. "I was merely joking." "You're a playful little rascal, ain't you?" said Bobbie, grinning. "That's an insult," Miss Prim returned. "Don't you ever speak to me again, young man." "Great Scott!" said Popple. "I didn't mean to start a battle when I mentioned baseball. Let's be pleasant this morning. Any of you fans been watching this fellow, Kauff, the new centre with the Giants?" "Centre?" said Miss Prim. "Aren't you confusing baseball with football? They have a centre in football, you know."

"Yes, and they got one in Chicago, too," said Bobbie. "What do you mean, Hobbie?" asked the blond stenographer. "That Chicago River," replied the boy. "It's the center of the town."

"I thought we were talking baseball—not rivers," snapped Miss Prim. "Oh, say," said the office boy, "speaking of rivers, I've got a new girl now."

"The kid's crazy," said the blonde. "What has the subject of rivers got to do with your new girl?" "She's named after all the rivers in the world."

"A silly remark!" said Miss Prim. "Her name's Flo," replied Bobbie. "Listen to him!" growled Miss Prim. "I'm going to tell Mr. Spooner I just can't stand having that boy around."

"Oh, the kid's all right," said Popple. "But, getting back to baseball, is this guy, Kauff, proving to be a second St. Cobb?"

"Quiet!" said Spooner. "Here comes Mr. Spooner." "The boss entered and looked around. 'What's the matter, Miss Prim?' he asked. 'You look worried.' 'Bobbie has been talking baseball and keeping us all from our work,' she replied.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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WHEN the alleged head of the Jarr household came home the other evening Mrs. Jarr said to him, "Cora Hickett was in to see me to-day. I don't care what they say, but she is a very sweet girl." "I didn't say she was not," replied Mr. Jarr, "therefore care not!" "Oh, of course, I know YOU are fond of her!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Now, hold on there!" said Mr. Jarr. "I hold no brief for the fair Miss Hickett. In fact, she's too fresh. I think; but I thought she was a friend of yours. That's why I said she was all right."

"Oh, she's only a friend of mine, that's all," quivered Mrs. Jarr. "Consequently, because she is a friend of mine she's too fresh!"

"My goodness! I didn't say any thing against the girl, except that she's too fresh," said the alarmed Mr. Jarr.

"You always make a big fuss over Cora Hickett," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "Yet I believe I am justified in thinking what I think. But, just the same, if that's the kind of friends you have, don't ask me to entertain her. The next time she comes to see you I'll walk right out! And at the same time I will say this for you that the stage lost a good actor when you entered the mercantile profession. First you are loud in your praise of Cora Hickett, and then you are positively insulting about her. Now, I will say this much for her. She has a manner that appears to be bold to some people. But she isn't fresh. No, you do her a great wrong there."

"Oh, all right, I'm glad to hear it. Say no more about her," said Mr. Jarr.

"Say no more!" repeated Mrs. Jarr. "Oh, I suppose you are sensitive because I have been frank about some one you are so greatly interested in. Well, I have nothing to say against her. Of course, your friends are your friends! But I am sure there is something very queer about Cora Hickett, to say the least. Of course, I'm 'old-fashioned' and I'm not what you call 'up-to-date,' but when I was a single girl the kind of people I met with in Brooklyn looked askance at young women who made a point of singling out married men as their friends and companions."

"While you are at it, why don't you apply for a divorce and name this Hickett person as the dire adventures who has broken up our happy home?" suggested Mr. Jarr, scornfully. "Why, come to think of it, I've never seen the woman but three times in my life!"

"I'm so sorry you are disappointed about it," said Mrs. Jarr, cuttingly. "Perhaps if you will write an endearing letter to the lady you admire so much she may call more frequently, but, as I said, and here Mrs. Jarr spoke sharply—"I leave the house the minute she enters!"

"I'll leave the house right now, if you don't stop talking about this Hickett person," said Mr. Jarr angrily. "What did you mention her name to me at all for? To trap me, I suppose!"

"Oh, you admit it then!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "And to think that I never suspected for one moment what was going on before my very eyes!"

Hysterics have followed, but just then the door bell rang and she

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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MAN never seems to be half so worried about the temptations he may meet in this life as he is about those he may miss.

Always accept a man's first kiss with surprise, his second with a blush, his third with reluctance, his fourth with enthusiasm—and the rest with a grain of salt.

Poor man! Just about as he has become accustomed to the erratic angle of his wife's midwinter hat, she bursts upon him in her brand new Easter "fantasy," and he has to begin getting acclimated all over again.

Man's chief occupation in this world appears to be making love; woman's, trying to find some sort of sentimental benzoate of soda which will KEEP it after it has been made.

A man always remembers the first kiss longest—a woman, the last; because that's the one each of them had the most trouble in getting.

Most men seem to regard matrimony as a sort of fox-trot. No matter how often they fall at it, they want to try again; no matter how smoothly it goes, they are always ready for an encore.

A bachelor used to go about looking for a girl who could be kissed; but, alas, nowadays, he goes about looking just as eagerly for one who doesn't have to be kissed.

Only two things in this world are always new and always thrilling—love and the circus. And both of them come in the spring, tra-la!

Motto for a wife: Be sure you're right—then stop TALKING about it!

Just a Wife--(Her Diary)

Chapters From a Bride's Life-Story.

Edited by Janet Trevor.

First Article of an Unusual New Series.

CHAPTER I

JARR. I am going to be married.

In all the world there is no one who is so happy as I am. I am going to be married. I am going to be married. I am going to be married.

My name is Jarr. I am going to be married. I am going to be married. I am going to be married.

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